Chipaya--
Chipaya

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the only structure in Chipaya which does not have its door to the east is the prison, which faces the church so that the locked-up sinner may repent while contemplating the house of God. I remarked the identical preoccupation in several Aymara villages.

The Chipaya throw their excrement in the street and satisfy their needs practically everywhere. Thanks to the dryness of the air the village does not smell bad and is not dirty in appearance. In contrast in the rainy season it becomes difficult to get around in it. The Chipaya dig the clods of earth with which they build their houses in the middle of the village. These removals naturally create depressions filled with water which must be drained by small ditches. The canal in front of the wife houses overflows during this period and cuts off communication between the two districts.

The entry to the village is indicated by two pillars which stand on the road to Huachacalla.

In Chipaya the only public meeting places are the chapels and the church. Passing strangers are given lodging at the houses of the authorities.

The dwelling huts are not continually occupied by their owners. In fact each of them owns in addition to his domicile in the village one or several huts situated somewhere in the midst of the pastures. These "farms" are generally located near the floodlands, whence the name which the Chipaya give them: a'su-a'ya, "water houses," is derived. The Indians also designate each group of these huts and their annexes by the Spanish name estancias.

/124/ The water houses are either of the type in the village or entirely built of clods of earth in a conical form.

Sometimes these rural houses are grouped into modest hamlets, but they are most frequently isolated. There is a considerable number of them, and one finds them dispersed all around the village within a radius which varies from seven to ten kilometers.

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imagination should not be placed in his way. I drove hurriedly down to the mayor's house and told the others that I personally felt that another twenty-four hours of hunger and thirst, while the prisoners studied Lisu cooking, was an unattractive prospect. One of the boys wanted to go to Gwapui, so we took him as guide. He directed us along quite a respectable track, which we had missed by a few hundred yards. As we passed the raucous lady's abode she hailed us with a volley of curses. She had kept a stone in readiness, which, her anger impeding her accuracy, fell wide by a long distance. We finally joined the main highway to La Paz and almost immediately went down with a flat tire. Caylos opened the trunk and as he lifted the jack, out toppled the little Peruvian-born. We looked at each other, and swiftly and silently, we pushed it back into oblivion.

[p. 314-B]